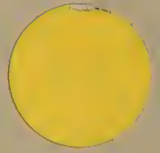


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A HISTORICAL COMMEMORATIVE SOUV.
ROOSEVELT IN RHYME
VERSES — 100 — VERSES

E 757
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A HISTORICAL COMMEMORATIVE SOUVENIR

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

VERSES — 100 — VERSES



ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

1

As a most considerate nation
We consider our ex-Presidents
With annual commemoration
Let's not forget Roosevelt.

2

Ex-Washington and ex-Lincoln
We commemorate with health
With annual commemoration
Let's not forget Roosevelt.

3

Ex-Roosevelt—the late Colonel
Has l-a-i-d aside his trowel
Departed — spoken “farewell”
God rest his blessed soul.

4

His deeds — aims and mission
Endeavor—toil and strife
Made him a human exhibition
An intuition all thru life.

5

Accept our favored blessing
For all good labor done,
With praises never ceasing,
We are sorry you are gone.

6

As moral—human creature,
Your mighty—vital part
You played as human teacher
For humans from the start.

7

Roosevelt! Rose — “genus Rosa,”
Velt, or Veldt! South Africa,
The name a glorious glora
As glorious—A-M-E-R-I-C-A.

8

Roses, roses, buds and blossom
Roses, roses, fade and die
Yet—a rose upon the bosom
What a rapture to the eye.

9

In a dark and silent grotto
Now the Colonel is at rest
You remember Roosevelt's motto,
Man — of everything the best.

10

In him the nation lost a man
A statesman and a sportsman
A most picturesque character
A most aggressive fighter.

11

A citizen—prudent citizenship
Free born—well recommended
Astute, sagacious statesmanship
With eminent learning mended.

12

Nature lover — outdoor sport
Loved travel and adventure
And games and sport — any sort
That gentleman 'ld dare enter.

13

Played daring games in Africa
With lions, buffs' and bears
And—played in Western America
Rough-rider — wildest steers.

14

As Teddy known at Oyster Bay
As Teddy—(Oyster Teddy)
Teddy, of New York, you say!
And Teddy from Albany — N. Y.

15

When young — as reg'lar boy
To play outdoors he wanted
Birds-nestin' — eggs his joy
Like Lincoln — always hunted.

16

In the ring as boxer battled
And a York right boxer were
Clattering sounds and rattled
Enjoyed Teddy everywhere.

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

17

As lightning quick — his feet
And, oh, his tremendous punch
And with his talked-of teeth
Scared often quite a bunch.

18

Traveled vent'some travels
Through Africa, through Europe
And — his "Africa Game Trails"
Tells outdoors develope.

19

The lion, 'phant, —rhinoceros
The grizzly, big, in t' Rockies
And t' savage African buff'lo's
He merely counted dangerous.

20

Rhinoceros — dangerous beasts
Triculent — stupid — you know!
Odd footed like the 'phants
On t' snout an' horn or two.

21

A man who can hit the bottle
At a distance of few yards
Is considered — warrantable
But—shy perhaps rhinoceros.

22

Explored Brazilian Wilderness
Discovered in America — South
In the Brazilian wilderness
The famous—"River of Doubt."

23

Wrote several outdoor novels
"Lovers Holiday in the Open"
"Ranch Life - Hunting Trails"
"Hunting Trips of an American"

24

Wrote "The Wilderness Hunter"
The famous "The Deer Family"
Past-times—American Hunter"
And rough-riders specially.

25

Wrote—as fast as he talked
And told his stories plain
Always plainly "litterated."
A thinker, bright and sane.

26

Roosevelt—tightrope dancer
In Dakota spent much time
Rough-rider—western rancher
As a cowboy held the line.

27

Ranch Life - Hunting Trail
Were his hobbies West
With rifle very seldom fail
As a shooter—one the best.

28

Roosevelt—the courageous
Roosevelt—the vigorous
Roosevelt—the impetuous
And, Roosevelt, the strenuous.

29

Loved t' glove as well t' rifle
Loved by many - feared by few
Loved big thing well as trifle
And loved—the morning dew.

30

Was a leader for fun-makers
Was a leader for the sport
Was a leader for law-makers
The greatest laws on earth.

31

Start quite young in politic
And from the bottom went
And in white house chic
Became a U. S. President.

32

There is a phrase to Napoleon
To that effect that God
Fights on t'side of battalion
And fights the good as bad.

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

33

Truly—Fate—battled the side
In Teddy's political career
But—alas—on the other side
Was "Hope"—the engineer.

34

When Roosevelt entered politic
Cards were stacked against him
But, in spite of gamblers trick,
Were in the game to win.

35

In wish be with t' govern' class
Instead of with the governed
Ted wanted be a political boss
In political gown be gowned.

36

Obstacles, as in politics will,
Came forth in Teddy's way
District not with Murray Hill
Transferred' from Oyster Bay.

37

But Murray said, for legislator
Young Roosevelt has a future,
Can handshake give in t' parlor
To guests—as well the butler.

38

Ted started his N. Y. campaign
In a Sixth avenue saloon,
But wanted license t' champagne
And in arguments came soon.

39

He argued the saloon-keepers
Not yet—he said—but soon
And, with silk hat neighbors,
Soon left the damn saloon.

40

Yet—Roosevelt—was elected
A member of the legislature,
And—did—as was expected
Introduced his overture.

41

His teeth—became—a tale
They talked of Teddy's teeth.
To—license—Champagne—ale
Would spoil their appetite.

42

But, Ted, in spite of appetite
With renewed vigor fought
"He's a fighter to the limit,"
Said Murray Hill, "red hot."

43

His friends were paying ways
In no u-n-e-r-t-a-i-n way
Political gravel, smiling rays
On top the opposers clay.

44

The state legislature yielded,
That Roosevelt carried the day,
And to his name had welded
A friendship bound to stay.

45

And—then—a fight began
A political war—you know!
But—Teddy—a fighting man
Know well to use the glove.

46

The leaders almost trembling
Before the man they'd picked
And together were assembling
But, just the same, were licked.

47

Roosevelt—as state legislator
Was a man with great ability
And was therefore chosen later
To lead the assembly.

48

And came as leader of assembly
In touch with Grover Cleveland,
Who, as governor—had sympathy
And to Teddy reached his hand.

49

And, in fact, assisted Roosevelt
Perhaps more than party own,
And Grov' an' Teddy 'gether went
To plan—a civil service plan.

50

And a message from the governor
Almost parallel the Federal act
Was pushed thru the legislature
As "new" state civil service act.

INTRODUCTORY INTRODUCTION



THE AUTHOR—HIS OUTDOOR RECREATION



Despite of roses and such things
When the railroads are on strike
It's good to have a pair of wings
Or have—at least—a bike.

A biker has approached your door
His hind-tire needs a patch
A stranger, look! has foreign gore
And, need, I believe, a match.

Look his feet, his style, his skirt
"Doc" Roselund—his rosy name,
He wants to tell about the earth
And college base ball game.



A Four-minute Speech by the Author



Ladies and Gentlemen!

When God made the earth—or when Columbus rolled the earth into a ball and put it into men's mind as a sphere, he developed that anything and everything that dropped below the surface—or behind the skyline was of course out of sight. If the earth was as smooth as a ball and a man but three feet tall, the horizon would be only three miles away! "Well," you ask, "what of it? Don't I know that, any school boy would know that much." Well, yes, perhaps so, but perhaps not, perhaps not so. In our daily games and strife in life much is forgotten, though that does not hinder nor make it any less worth thinking. We play our daily games, we catch, we pitch, we beat the ball, we batter up, we batter off, we throw, we bump the ball; we call the ball, we strike, we hit, we double play, we even clout the ball, we circus play, we curve, we curse, and often drop the ball: we error, terror, we fall away, we slide, we home-run, high ball, heavy ball, we play inside base ball, we kick, we knock the cover off, and knock it out of the box: we mask, we leftfield, line drive, lob the ball, we mit, we muff, we mussy ball, we are lifted from the game; we nip, we cut, we outer garden, we pinch, we pass the ball, we over the fence, we over the plate, we are raised to so and so, we right field, rubber, roll and scratch, we sacrifice the fly, we sack, we shoot, we score we smoke, we schedule, we single, double, skid and slide, we slow, we slash the ball; we squeeze, we trap, we substitute, we swing, we swat the ball, we tore around, we time, we thicket, we triple play, we twirl; we umpire, impire, wobble, walk, we wing, we whang the ball, we whip, we wiff, we whitewash,

wallop, take a lead, tackle, whip, we wingy ball, and all—we do, without to know, or give it a thought, nor realize, that in the end we drop below, we drop behind the skyline, we drop, come out of sight, and worse than that, become stuffing in our own ball, which is, of course, beyond our present experience.

There are people who think that because the rain is falling that the whole earth is getting wet, and, yet, there are others who think the whole world will go dry, and, also others who think that because they cannot see a rift in the clouds that it will never clear; they do not realize that increased altitude and good books add to the scope of their vision—that it is worth while to listen to others who have been there, who have spent years and fears, money and tears, spent a fortune to enjoy the play. As in flowers of the common nasturtium the low sun of the early morning developed the yellow coloring matter, the midday sun stimulated the violets, blues and purples, so the explorer, the investigator, who covers the patches, sees many rainbows, while him who travels around the chicken coop only sees the blues and, perhaps, a bit of yellow, drawing his pay. True is—some people see more through the keyhole than others through the open door, but to best advantage is, to see the show completely, or, better yet, one thing at the time.

Like Columbus and other great explorers, I have on the ball covered 13 certain patches, which my famous "The Traveling Yankee" details. Like Columbus I have ploughed the waves in many large waters, and have, too, lined a map of my directions, north, south, east and west. I have ploughed the waves in the largest oceans, the Arctic, the Atlantic and the Pacific and, in lesser waters, the North sea, the Baltic sea, the Salt sea, and the Marmora sea, even. Furthermore, the

ROSELUND THE RHYMER

Black sea, the Red sea, the White sea, and the Blue sea, "the Mediterranean," the sea of the Greeks, the "mare nostrum" of the Hebrews, the "par excellence" of the Romans. Have been bent to the sailor's life, you know how sailors are, to the explorers, the composers, the inventors, my latest invention being "The Speaker's Aid," the most helpful thing you ever heard of—if not the most necessary thing in the world to be in possession of in order to become a trained speaker without overexerting the mind.

And, like Columbus and other judicious investigators, I have become an author, and thus authored four "specials" for the amusement of light-hearted, spirited readers, of which I am myself the writer, the distributor, and the publisher, and why I take the pleasure to, by these means, introduce myself. The books—the titles of which alone speak and warrant their "ad valorem," their appreciation—"The Stuff of Masonry," 342 pages, \$2.00; "The Traveling Yankee," \$1.00; "The Ninety-Ninth Degree," \$1.35, and "Under the Rose," \$1.35, thought to be the finest story in the United States of America. "Why, you may ask, "why your own publisher?" Why, yes, my friend, to make it easier for you to secure my books.

Since the war made us so dreadfully economical, we cannot afford much luxury, yet we must have some amusement, and thus I have striven to keep my books before the public at possibly lowest price. One bird is better in the hand sometimes than are ten in the woods, yet, it is quantity, the method of "turn-over" that does it.

But, to have a publisher, means feeding the miller's pigs, means buying diamonds for keeper's wife, means commission, and which the readers are best entitled to. My method is, simply mail your valued order with enclosure to my office, and it will be attended to at once, the book, or the books, forwarded by return mail to your door like a worthy Christmas present and make you overjoyed, and, sure enough, contended. My deliverers are, of course, the "house-to-house" fashion, but, arrayed in U. S. competence that you might know they are competent, reliable and dependable. As to my own self, would state, that, I am in own person straight as a spike and true as my bike, and besides "a 32nd degree Mason," should you rely on brotherliness. My references are the best and foremost banks of Chicago, along with the leading papers of Chicago. Pinched for space cannot produce but the more brief of my many pronouncements, of which a glimpse may be had at another space of this my venerable and imposing preface accompanying the historical commemorativeness in rhyme of our late Colonel and most eminent and distinguished statesman and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt.

Respectfully yours,

The Author.

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FROM THE BOOK REVIEWERS' PAGE

"Doc" Roselund, the inventor and "THE NINETY-NINTH DEGREE," ary world. He has two more new entitled "THE STUFF OF MASON KEE." He has established an office and reports a big sale of his books. thoroughly competent penmanship the freshness of honest labor, bid at things in the open—healthier air. work from all sections of the coun have another book off the presses. THE CHICAGO EVENING POST about the new products of the hope



explorer, and author of the famous continues to win fame in the liter-books out from the presses now—"RY" and "THE TRAVELING YAN-in the Masonic Temple Building. His books are handsome volumes of and throbbing with life, and have ding his readers to once more look He has received letters praising his try, and announces that he will soon The literary book reviewer of recently had the following to say ful and laborous author.

BOOKS RECEIVED. MASONRY AND TRAVEL. "THE STUFF OF MASONRY" by "Doc" Roselund. (Chicago: N. A. Roselund.) "THE TRAVELING YANKEE" by "Doc" Roselund. Freemasonry and travel seem to be the author's two hobbies which he wishes to share with as many friends as possible. He writes eloquently, in a rather eccentric style all of his own, of the ethical side of Masonry, and gives a brief history of its growth and a description of its past habitation. In the second volume the author deals with what he describes on the title page as "travels, rambles and wanders of 13 different lands, Egypt and the Holy Land."

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

51

Roosevelt—1884—as chairman
Of the N. Y. state delegation
At Chicago Republican convention
Opposed the nomination of Blaine.

52

Then, in Ted's political career
Came a rather turning point,
Was called a "party reformer,"
And told to go west for hunt.

53

But Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts
Told Roosevelt what to do,
To push—he told—the wisests
The nomination—through.

54

And, when the 'paign was over
To Dakota Roosevelt went
To plan—to think it over
How—become—a president.

55

Later, back in New York City,
Chosen candidate for mayor
In New York Teddy popular
Because—his great ability.

56

Later—member—White House,
Of the Nat. Civ. Serv. Commission
Under Cleveland and Harrison,
Spent six years in Washington

57

In touch with higher public men
Encircled all the nation.
And was even thought of then
As a man to rule the nation.

58

Was later appointed president
Of the New York police board,
And, yet, higher—later went
To the honor—governor.

59

When chosen police commissioner
His friends thought job too small,
But job, New York Commissioner,
Not small—a job—in all.

60

The department needed cleaning,
The police force—under cloud,
The Tammany's were ruling
Department graft and fraud.

61

So Teddy had a job, sure enough
To clean New York atmosphere
And, Teddy, not a man to bluff
Would neither use a bluffer.

62

The metropolitan police system
Was rotten through and through,
T'Tammany's but using scheme
But wanted grafters "dough."

63

Instead—protection—menace
On every post—some shark
By paying t' boss 'misfeasance'
Not even a dog would bark.

64

Promotion—by favor—money
For money salvation buy
Money, sweet as honey!
In the hands of the Tammany.

65

Saloonkeepers step'd on t' laws
To h—ll with t' law said t' boss.
And—if—not paying t' boss
Was forced to "come across."

66

Gambling—disorderly houses
Were open all night for the sins,
Vice flaunted itself in the faces
Of law-abiding—good citizens.

67

Teddy, firing t' graft detective
Told him to go play baseball,
Who said: "Be not so impressive
You are but a human after all."

68

But in spite Teddy kept firing,
Removing the grafters off post,
And, no grafters were hiring,
But, men—straight on the post.

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

69

Roosevelt—detective himself—
Privately guarded patrol,
From post to post, after twelve,
Taking his moonshine stroll.

70

No loafers or sharks on patrol
No grafter or blackmailing cop,
But honest and square as a roll
To rule—as “Roosevelt-cop.”

71

Roosevelt—born a policeman
Enforced—new police laws
And made a brand new regulation
That, too, weaken’d t’Tammany’s.

72

And in spite of strenuous battles,
As a N. Y. police commissioner
His heart never lost kindness
Nor he was to the public unfair.

73

Being fair and great by nature,
In everything he was fair,
America always his future
In every office and care.

74

Roosevelt—born a politiker
Used—also—political plan
Judicious—wise—a critiker
And mighty good (‘publican’).

75

Discernment, wisdom, discretion
In office as well as campaign
In Chicago or if in New York
Or in Washington—at work.

76

High and low—good as Bryan
Were using—needle—fine
In speeches—talk—or utter
For—always—American future.

77

Fortune perhaps could’nt tell
But—know—palmistry well
You remember how he told it
War—war—and U. S. in it.

78

Man of war and man of peace
Told things, of course, to please
But, as a truth of sages past,
The war—did come—at last.

79

Ted—not future told by cards
Nor by the flight of birds
Nor either by t’coffee grounds
Nor by the lines of hands.

80

Teddy, told future and stories
By his own prophetic spirit,
And told—“America” glorious
If it once in war went to it.

81

War in Europe, war in France,
His prophecy, brightest chance
And—just—as he had told it
The war came, and U. S.—in it.

82

And—when—America—ready
Who ready first—but Teddy
He was there with—advice
And—willingly—of service.

83

Teddy—Teddy—he was there
For—he—no German were
There—with Yankee garrison
Himself—and four brave sons.

84

Asking was, the war department
For permission to raise troops,
Wrote it freely on t’ parchment
To not laugh at Kaiser’s jokes.

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

85

Know well enough t'wily Kaiser
Since 1902—in Venezuecian
Where—he—made Kaiser wiser
By “Yankee”—wiser—plan.

86

Had served U. S. at Santiago
As U. S. commander—there
Had commanded U. S. brigade
Had commanded volunteer.

87

Whereas, he said, that Germany
Are now—in war—with us
I—in behalf of my country
Want to be of military use.

88

Do not wish that position
To tell countrymen “go to war”
But wish to be in position
To tell 'em—“Come to war!”

89

My aims—my purposes—are
Raise troops by early chance
To giv'em six weeks' trainin' here
And then—forward to France.

90

Not any kind of favor—fine
He asked the war department
But that—put troops in line
At earliest possible moment.

91

All who served had him before
Wanted, with him, go to France
Wanted go to foreign shore
For U. S. there take chance.

92

Artists, authors, engineers,
Cowboys—clerks, and lawyers
College students, baseball players,
All—be Roosevelt volunteers.

93

Even Mr. Battling Nelson
Pleaded—go—to Mr. Wilson
And McCoy—another fighter
Wanted badly land a blighter.

94

And—after all—an answer came
From Washington—at hand
But reg'lar officers the same
Could U. S. troops—command

95

Thus—after all—the Colonel
Could not take troops to France,
So mote it be! he said, as well
But give my sons the chance.

96

So—the Roosevelts four son's
Were sent to war—to France
To fight the Kaiser's six sons
To make 'em ride in ambulance.

97

The Roosevelts were Americans
The Kaiser's were but—Huns
The Americans had better plans
Than Huns to handle guns.

98

The Roosevelts went—free will
As sons—of American prizer
Who captured once San Juan Hill
And—near enough—the Kaiser.

99

In t' war our brave American boys
Said—“raus mit German toys”
And put t'Germans on t'route
The Kaiser and his goat.

100

And when Kaiser flew to Holland
Then Roosevelt raised his hand,
Said, America, Queen of Freedom,
I'm pleased, farewell! Went home.

FREEDOM - LIBERTY - JUSTICE - PEACE

THE END



Born
in
New York
N. Y.
October 27
1858



Died
at
Oyster Bay
N. J.
January 6
1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My Country 'tis of thee



*Roosevelt—we loved you
Roosevelt—you were true,
The—RED WHITE and BLUE;
Roosevelt—we know you were right
Roosevelt—we know you were bright
Roosevelt—we know your best sight
was, the Red, White and Blue*

N. A. R.

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